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THE GLORY OF DEMOCRACY—POETRY,
COMEDY AND DUTY.

ALFRED H. LLOYD.

There can be no real life without vision. There can be no real vision that does not sometimes laugh. Life that sees and that can laugh is duty at its best. Without vision and without laughter duty is arid and small.

MAY I be just one more to begin with the great war?
I may wish also to close with it.

Since the war opened our country has been in the various stages of a certain problem or conflict which while not exclusively ours has been, in view at once of our history and of our prominence as a neutral nation, peculiarly ours. On the one hand we had either a selfish and sordid neutrality tempting us, the physical incommmodity of war and the lucrative advantage of peace both promising to be very great, or, under the promptings of a narrow nationalism and a quick resentment of offenses, resort to arms and to the traditional military alliance. Between these two, between such neutrality and such war, I myself could see little if any difference. One is hardly any better than the other. Action in mere anger, on jingo-nationalistic lines, is no better than action—or the lack of it?—from greed or, better to say, from the always *entente cordiale* of fear and greed. But, on the other hand, besides this Hobson's choice we had the opportunity of a progressive policy, involving some real advance for civilization, and of such eventual overt action as would be required to carry out a progressive policy. To the lasting credit and, as I have to believe, to the prompt and very general satisfaction of the country, the policy of progress prevailed and was vigorously acted upon. It was a policy, perhaps, that was not clear even to itself at first, that had to overcome strong counter-tendencies in one national party or the other, in this or that established interest, in the various accepted theories about nations and the community of nations,

and about international law, and that in its manner was not even democratic, that is to say, not conventionally democratic, developing as it did under a somewhat arbitrary albeit quite timely leadership instead of in response to any clearly outspoken popular demand. Of course democracy must always lack vitality unless it can respond to just such leadership. Perhaps, again, in official papers and national enactments many mistakes were made, involving annoying delays, a troublesome suspense. But, after all, tendencies needing to be overcome and mistakes and delays are most natural and even most helpful incidents of anything which is worth while, and somehow they give substance to the outcome, making this not less but more significant; not weakening but strengthening the final decision. The policy of progress, I repeat, at last prevailed, committing this nation to action for something new and, as so clearly and convincingly stated in the address of April 2, sending a thrill of interest and determination over the whole country, as well as over all the neutral countries, and awakening new zeal and confidence among the warring peoples across the seas, at once bringing clearer purpose to those who were winning and, as events are likely to show, hope even to those who were losing.

The policy of progress, I have said, called for action that sought something new. It was, then, a policy that proceeded from some vision, that depended on imagination; the policy of no traditional and merely rational and prosaic calculation—not a dollar policy in either fact or spirit—seeking only results which traditional tests could approve; but, on the contrary, of a poetic, imaginative statesmanship, which was superior to mere precise figuring as well as to unworthy impulse, which had courage, the real courage of a new order, and a certain abandon, and which accordingly argued to its purpose by no literal likeness of what was to be to what had been but by bold and romantic analogy. Can progress argue by anything but analogy? Thus, we must organize the nations as democracies have

already organized individuals. We must take from nations their weapons of offense and defense, so long too handy for impulsive and disastrous use, as we have taken daggers and pistols from individuals. We must have international institutions as we have had the various institutional instruments of democracies. Boldly we must force these things out of a new and unlike future; seeking not mere peace but something new and better than what we had before the war. Our national groups at least before the war in respect to the values that have long determined their individuality were still as of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, when among persons individuality was a matter of conspicuous dress, highly sensitive manners, emotional instability and temperament, a weapon always at hand, and hasty action for good or for ill, in love or in hate, and now we would lift these groups to the higher and more modern type of individuality that already prevails personally and that involves among other things so much more self-control. Perhaps, parenthetically, to lift the groups so would be to make possible still higher development in personal individuality, for in history the person seems to have had a habit of outrunning the group. But, this possibility aside, an international democracy is the policy of the day, as it has gradually but at last clearly been set forth, and nothing in all history has been more inspiring than the awakening of civilized peoples to the vision of it and the hope and labor of its execution. There can indeed be no real action without vision.

All real life, whether written large, as in the historic episode of the war, or written small, as in what any one of us may do personally, must involve adventure and romance—we have long had too little romance!—requiring the courage of something new and so dependence on the imagination. Let me not get lost in philosophical vagaries, but, were I asked in general terms to tell what real life, real activity, really does, I might answer in two ways, equally significant. For one, it always resolves some conflict. For the other, it always shows some part finding its

place and so its value, its new and different value, in some whole. That the war, again, offers illustration of both of these answers needs hardly to be said. It is of course a conflict of tremendous forces wonderfully organized; but, more than this, as virtually said already, it is a conflict of ideas, one conservative and reactionary, the other prospective and progressive. It is, again, especially when one regards it from the standpoint of the United States's entrance and intervention, an example of a nation, long under a policy of protected nationalism and isolation, taking its part openly and deliberately in life of larger scope and greater meaning and responsibility and getting thereby a new outlook and new values of life. But what the war so well illustrates is true of all activity that really does something, that is no mere routine, that is more than just a domesticated caudal chase. All productive activity resolves some conflict and shows some partial life overcoming isolation and finding itself and so a new meaning in some whole. If further illustration is necessary, think of the great historic conflicts that are always challenging men, politically of government and people, law and freedom, morally of righteousness and unrighteousness, intellectually of knowledge and ignorance, and even biologically as well as theologically of life and death. Each of these familiar conflicts, as old as the hills and as new as to-morrow, is like the present war in involving at once a meeting of definite and manifest forces and a conflict of values or ideas, of different and incommensurable ways of living. To emphasize the latter implication, are there not—and quite without any mere juggling with words—two distinct values for each of those terms, law, wealth, knowledge, life, and the others? Law is written; but who can write the law? Wealth is so much of this or that; but who can calculate real wealth? Life begins at birth and ends at death; but death is only the way to larger life. And these incommensurable values are never absent from those conflicts. Shot through the conflict of mere forces, too, as they invariably are, they contribute their very important part to

human life, to its interest and its reality. In each conflict, then, some solution and some enlargement of life, involving the issue of incommensurable values as well as that of forces, are what is constantly sought. Simply the larger law or righteousness or wealth or knowledge or life, even like the larger nationality in the war, by which some solution is attained, never depends on mere change in size but requires new and different valuation.

But, to come to my point, under either of the two accounts of real life poetic vision is very plainly essential; freedom of feeling and imagination is indispensable. The prosaic mind, the conservatively accurate and calculating mind, treating all things as commensurable, as like in kind, may help in organization and preparation and in a certain efficiency of mere attack and conquest, but can not suffice for final and progressive action. Thus, for the first account, no real difference, no real incommensurability, such as must always underlie any real conflict, can ever be settled on any basis of literal conformity of either side to the other. The prosaic, *equating* reason, however good as a fighter, is a poor mediator; it may effect formal agreement, but it can bring no guaranty of real sympathy. For mediation and sympathy, in short for real solution, the rigor of reason must give way to the freedom and feeling of imagination, literal conformity yielding to freer, more or less visionary analogy. Again, in the other instance, in regard to that other account of real life, no part can be like in kind and merely larger, as it really finds itself in some whole. Real wholeness, or enlargement, as indeed already said here, is not just more in kind; it is not just bigness.

At risk of tedious repetition I must emphasize this incommensurability of part and whole. Wholeness is real difference and here, as in the first instance, the prose and the logic of the common reason are not adequate. Neither can either side in any real difference ever merely reason itself to real unity with the other nor can a part ever logically calculate and accumulate its way to real enlargement.

The organizing and calculating reason is quite too economic and domestic or stay-at-home, too commonplace, too unromantic, for either of those great journeys. In none of life's conquests or enlargements, I say, can sheer conquest bring real victory or mere expansion true unity; in none can "assimilation," however benevolent, bring peace or panism, pan-anything-ism, make a true whole. Even once more, then, only the imagination, with its license to argue by analogies, instead of by stay-at-home conformities, and its play of human feeling, can take either of those great journeys, the journey to peace or the journey to wholeness, successfully. There must be in all effective life, in all real travel, some generosity, some abandon, some candor towards difference; in short, some vision of the incommensurable. I dwell on this so much, because hereafter the disastrous tyranny of the organizing and calculating reason, which in essential treachery to democracy would bring all things under one measure, will come up for somewhat pointed comment.

To give now an illustration which will doubtless be quite unexpected, so far is it from what is most naturally in one's thoughts after mention of peace or of pan-anything-ism, is God, who whether in thought or in reality is at once the wholeness of personality and the impartial ruler over all human conflicts, making—as only a poet can understand—the rain to fall for good and for ill alike on the just and on the unjust, is God a person as any partisan and partial human creature—even a Kaiser!—is a person? Or, not less pertinently, is the natural world as a whole to be judged by any mere formal extension or generalization from what some partial and partisan experience, ordinary or highly scientific, has disclosed? For both questions, assuredly not. In journeying to God—or in God?—or in journeying in the world, while the formal reason may be a good courier, the speculative reason, the poetic imagination, must be the real traveller; and, as in these adventures, so in all the smaller ones, including the great war, which are but their more or less important episodes. It takes poets, then,

men of some vision and of some abandon, to solve conflicts or to achieve real enlargement of life.

But real life has other dimensions besides this of poetry. "Poetry, Comedy and Duty" is a book-title that caught my fancy when I first ran across it some thirty years ago and it makes a stronger appeal to me now than it did then. I never more than just looked over the book,¹ but the title gives three of the important dimensions of real life. So, having spoken at some length of poetry, I would next speak of comedy. If there can indeed be no real life without vision, there can with equal truth be no real vision without laughter.

Vision is such a strange mixer. It is always upsetting one's calculations and bringing together what common understanding finds and would keep apart. "When you really know Tom," exclaims Dick to Harry, "he is not such a bad fellow after all." Really knowing any person may change him from foe to friend, from friend to foe. A strange mixer, then, or a strange transformer, real knowledge is constantly contributing to the humor of life, to the gaiety of nations; and any one, having insight, is in no need of visiting the comic theater, although frequenters even of vaudeville do not necessarily lack insight. Moreover, this that is so true in the intercourse of men is true also for the world of things at large. Under established habits of mind we have the things of our world fairly well placed, these in this pigeon-hole, those in that, and complacently we accept the nice order so established, and conduct our daily life accordingly, faithfully following the appropriate routine and being members of society, as it were, *ex officio*; until, fortunately or unfortunately, something comes along to make us really think. Quickly the thinking, if at all penetrating, disturbs the arrangement most surprisingly. Where there had been order, a laughable confusion sets in; or rather, with respect to our emotions, as we frequently express ourselves, we are quite at a loss whether to laugh or

¹ *Poetry, Comedy and Duty*. By Professor C. C. Everett. Houghton Mifflin and Company, Boston: 1890.

cry. Normal, wholesome people usually end by laughing; yet not too hilariously. Certainly it is well that normally, when vision reveals confusion or events effect it, laughter and tears are so near together; that a humorous situation and a tragic situation are so alike; for then one's laughter, one's sense of humor, can act as a sort of "first aid" in time of trouble. Every one knows what is meant by a "saving sense of humor," and this always goes with insight. There always is humor even in tragic situations and, however wisely controlled, sensitiveness to it is a great help. When little man runs up against big nature, how tragic; how comic. When nature, however big, finds how much bigger man can be, how comic; how tragic. Sophocles and Euripides were contemporaries of the very important Aristophanes. Shakespeare was great in both comedy and tragedy. In short nature or Providence—choose which name you will—was certainly very considerate in making the tragic and the comic so intimate; the very twins of the drama.

Vision, once more, is such a strange mixer. It is almost Irish in point of fact; or, if not Irish, at least paradoxical without blarney or other picturesqueness. Not only before its gaze may foes turn friends, but the rich may become poor; even the living dead. The point now is that vision brings the new valuations to which allusion has been made here already; making up down and transporting one generally to the wonder land of up-side-down or wrong-side-out. Nor is this amusing land, so Hibernian in character or scenery, very far to seek at the present time. To those who will look it appears, written large, in the affairs of the time. A good Irishman, for example, might very well say, apropos of the present conditions of life, that the next time he goes to church he will go to a Y. M. C. A. prison-camp or the Salvation Army Barracks or a Social Settlement; or the next time he gets patriotic, he will fight for Belgium or at least for humanity. I mean, as regards present conditions, that, strangely enough, life's supposed values and life's real interests and effective activities are

divorced; and in a way, too, not without much humor. Thus, moral sentiment and spirituality are ecclesiastical, but moral efficiency is on the whole non-ecclesiastical; patriotism is traditionally and assertively nationalistic often to the point of jingoism, while real life is internationalistic and humanitarian, and culture and general intelligence are at once leisured and academic, but vocational and professional skill very commonly is uncultured and non-academic or at least academically *res non grata*. In general the values of life are institutional—in church or state or school—but life's productive activities are at once very material and practical and non-institutional or extra-mural; the will of civilization having somehow, like a naughty child from its bath, escaped from the protecting and restraining institutions of civilization. A serious situation, surely, that with its separation of culture—if I may use this word to connote all positive human values—and real life and efficiency may well be given as one of the things that made the great war possible; but, serious as it is, it is also a fair mark for Hibernian wit: "Things being as they are, the next time I worship at any altar, I shall go where there are no altars." How discomfited civilization ought to feel; its great institutions so cast off; these long-honored repositories of human values having now to look out upon mankind living, as it were, indifferently to them, with little or no benefit of them. A situation, that even reminds one, if I may pile on at least one more metaphor, of the distressed hen that had nestled her eggs only to bring forth ducklings and in maternal agony to see them leave *terra firma*—the *terra firma* of institutional verities—and go out upon treacherous or at least unproved and unsanctified waters—the waters of really-getting-something-done. Man himself may lack the great gift of truth—although personally I do him more honor than to believe this—and be accordingly wholly unable to laugh at himself, at his life being in one place and the treasures of it in another, but at least the truth-seeing gods must be laughing at him; at the present predicament of his boasted

civilization, at the strangely met brutality and ideality, efficiency and valuation, things worst and things best, in human nature; making what truly is a humorous vis-à-vis.

I recall from long ago a story of a boy who had done wrong and brought much trouble, as well as considerable loss of property, both to his immediate family and to others. His grandfather, however, so the narrative ran, was "pleased" or "entertained"—I am uncertain which word was used—at the boy's wrong-doing. For some time I could not understand the old gentleman's getting any pleasure out of the proceedings, but understanding came in time and also I can understand how the gods can be laughing—quietly and affectionately, in a grandfatherly way—over the errors and the foibles of men and even over the fearful discomfiture of the present time. "There is some hope for that boy," said the pleased grandfather. Also the gods, who always can laugh, might be imagined to say: "There is, after all, some hope for civilization." Are not brutality and ideality at last vis-à-vis?

Yet a third time, vision is a strange mixer, making laughter even midst appropriate tears. But, objects someone, only the laughter of the cynic. Yes, the laughter of the cynic always, but not only his laughter. Seeing strange things or persons brought together or seeing life's values and life's interests, its treasures and its activities, in different places, as if there were two worlds for human occupation, one pleasant and worthy and the other just busy, may indeed invite cynicism. Confusion and discomfiture are always the cynic's opportunity, reflecting doubtless his own internal disorder. If vision mixes good and bad, as it is sure to, judge the good by the company that it keeps and laugh cynically. If institutions appear to have fallen behind, effective living having become extra-mural, unprotected and without benefit of institutions, promptly conclude that civilization has failed and, once more, laugh cynically. But he laughs best who laughs last. Why not judge the bad by its company? Or the passing of the old order by the released possibility of a new?

And, so inspired, laugh hopefully and wholesomely? The idealist, always enjoying the same vision with the cynic, has at least equal rights to the laughter that the presented comedy of strange unions or strange divisions always arouses. Conditions and rights equal, moreover, if I may speak quite informally, I will bet every time on the idealist as the one to laugh last.

But, now to consider the third dimension, a life that sees and that laughs, that can laugh hopefully and courageously, even through its tears, is duty at its best. Obviously—I say obviously, but must admit that only at this moment of writing has it occurred to me—obviously vision and laughter name intellectual and emotional aspects of human life, while duty refers to volition and action, to overt action. The active life, then, to which duty calls mankind, is a life guided by real vision and affected with courage and good cheer. The French, we have been told, at the very front of the great struggle have shown a cheerful courage midst their fearful hardships and in such courage others among the allies having the same vision and the same determination have not been wanting. May the vision and the cheer and the determination deepen as the days pass. May our own country, as it does its bit, with the munitions and the men and the material relief of all kinds that it contributes, send over also in large measure these things of the spirit without which nothing worth while, nothing truly great, can ever be accomplished.

There is, I know, another idea of duty than this which would mingle with it vision and laughter. Some would have duty blind and very sober. For them the term suggests only routine, conformity, rigorous and unswerving allegiance to some superimposed obligation. Duty, they insist, or imply, must be hard, very hard; the performance of something unpleasant, even an unnatural obedience to some command from higher up. To touch it, however slightly, with vision and cheerfulness and naturalness is to spoil it, bringing defeat to the very purposes that are to be accomplished. But, emphatically, I have to disagree with

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this notion. In the first place, I can not agree that duty begins and ends, as one of my friends is constantly putting it, with realization that there is "a God in Israel" or that a duty of real vision and cheer is easier than the blind and sober sort. Indeed, if the question is only of ease, the rigorist's duty strikes me as the easier of the two.

"Their's not to reason why,
Their's but to do and die!"

is, of course, a long accepted formula for both courage and duty; but the hidden pacifism of it should not be overlooked. Such implicit obedience, followed by death, holds its own type of hardship and courage and wins its own reward, the soldier's reward, before death achievement with freedom from personal initiative of thought or will and after death this world's quieting memories and tributes of monuments and flags and the other world's tearless joy and perfect peace; but, as I believe, in spite of the unfailing saving humor and laughter, a life that does reason why and that does see is really harder and positively more courageous, being so much more one's own and exacting so much more personal responsibility. It is so much harder that only the attending humor of it makes it possible at all. Then, in the second place, whatever may be true of former times, men are not today living so much with reference to a peaceful hereafter, earned only by submission to superior powers that are loyal to some purpose out of the past and concerned with maintaining intact the established order of the present, as with reference to interest and satisfaction now and here, earned by themselves conceiving things and doing things. Once the world was created for them; now they would at least contribute to the making of a world. So have the orthodox creationism and absolutism, religious or political, economic or moral, given way to a new creationism, stirring the life of the present, and democracy, dependent on general intelligence and present satisfactions and real initiative and responsibility. Modern democracy can not sanction duty apart from vision and laughter.

And now, referring to the difference of the present time from the past, I have certainly touched on an important point if not on the important point. It is natural that duty mean one thing for one time, another thing for another. Duty to an establishing or established institutional order is one thing; to a creative life at a time, as we often say, of transition, quite another, making a different exaction, having a different quality. When a civilization is taking form, when it is building and settling, a certain rigorism of life can not but have ideal value as well as be also the line of least resistance. Discipline must then be devised and maintained. Pleasure must be only aside and for the most part in the future. Submission and death with eventual rewards must constitute man's normal career. But, when the time comes, as it must, a time of epochal transition, for creative living after the preparatory building and settling, then the ideally normal life has to change, the quality of duty becoming very different; submission giving place to liberty, groping to understanding, enjoyment only aside or hereafter to enjoyment of life itself now, the relative ease of obedience under orders, that proceed from hard necessity, to the severer ordeal of human, whether racial or personal, responsibility. Thus in the Middle Ages duty was one thing; in our own time it must at last be quite another. In our own time, as but just said, in our time of democracy, of mankind consciously and intelligently doing things, poetry and comedy and duty, vision and laughter—that plucky laughter of the defiant idealist—and effective living are not to be separated, each helping to define the others; the first two notably determining the quality of the last.

A time of epochal transition! Truly we are nearing something new in life. A time of creative living must be at hand. The veil has been lifted and we see confusion. Civilization has broken loose from its most proper restraints and church and school and state are dismayed and apparently discredited. Life seems to have forgotten its worth and to be neglecting if not destroying its most sacred treasures. Law and art, science and philosophy and relig-

ion, as well as sex, are being debauched. That brutal necessity, defying law, should make right! That hate should be set to music! That science should take life instead of give it! That philosophy should support conceit and effrontery! That God should occupy a worldly throne! That sex, source of so much that is best in human life, should be so betrayed! In a word, that man, at a moment when civilization was getting confident and feeling so much at home, should seek supremacy by exploiting civilization in the interests of barbarism! Of course something new must be near. But how are these offenses to be understood? And how are they to be met? What of democracy, too, and of duty?

Strangely enough—and what comedy is there here!—these offenses are being met, so far as in self-defense civilization finds necessary, in kind. Brutal war is being waged against brutal war. But how understand them? Only by seeing beyond them. Are they, except in the issues of present partisanship, as certain peoples, ourselves among the others, have chosen for the moment to draw those issues, solely and exclusively Teutonic? Civilization through the centuries, however unwittingly, may only have trained a certain group to be the scapegoat for offenses quite general among all peoples. As to this the historians can tell better than I. But evident it is—to any vision that is honest and that is not blinded by formal reasoning and tradition or by partisan interest—not only that no people is now innocent but also that before the war no people had been wholly innocent of any of those hated offenses. Understand the present barbarism, then, by seeing in it more than just Teutonism or—more narrowly—Prussianism. What, if not civilization itself, has made even Prussianism possible? And Prussianism—what but an exposure, localized and very highly developed, an incarnation and revelation, not merely of evil possibilities, but of evil actualities to be found too often and too generally the *civilized* world over? Is it not commonly true that one life's public crime is only another life's private vice? To have sanctioned those

offenses openly and officially may be Prussia's peculiar sin, flagrant and revolting, but other peoples can gain nothing by being blind either to their own unofficial brutality or to an unofficial ideality even in Prussia. Holy civilization! See it meeting hate with hate, war with war, as indeed it must in its fight against its own barbarism. But which of all the peoples may fairly claim the holiness? Wishing, as all of us do, but one outcome to the struggle, let us hope that the Teutonic forces will not be the only forces signally defeated and that, the world over, through its victory over itself civilization will become holier. There would be an almost divine comedy in such an outcome.

Always the war! One can not keep away from it. Yet here there has been no real digression. To be able to see the war in that way is, in the first place, to make it more than just big. It becomes wonderful, not merely frightful; an inspiration, not an overwhelming despair. The bitterness of it is lessened, for civilization can not hate itself quite as something else, and the opportunity and hope of it are made clear. As each day more positively a just war against unjust war, it is bound to win. Not that such reversion will never recur again, but that at least it will be made less likely to recur again. Then, in the second place, the war itself is seen to be teeming with the forces of democracy, each day more conscious, more confident and more insistent; teeming with the material forces and with the vision and the humor and the sense of responsibility. Not only is the world to be made "safe for democracy" hereafter, but also, as is so important to appreciate, democracy, bent on making the world suitable for it to live in, is now very manifestly doing the work. Democracy is now active as never before. As the nations are getting together in their already large league that will be still larger before the war is over; as patriotism gets more and more humanly fraternal; as war-relief becomes as general, as international, as war-maintenance; as an ever greater community of real feeling and interest comes to predominate over any attempted or any supposable community of or-

ganization and method; as civilization is awakening to its own responsibility for the very barbarism which it is trying to put down, while the "barbarians," coming to themselves, are beginning to feel and even confess, through whatever intrigues of socialists and imperialists, their own real place in civilization; in short, as the peoples, allied or hostile, in their conduct or their consciousness, in reference to the right or in reference to the wrong of the war, are finding out the unity of their life, the great work of democracy in the war is more and more apparent. And, working in this way, so much greater than any partisanship, democracy is bound to be the victor.

But under democracy duty is inseparable from poetry and comedy, from vision and laughter. Lacking the quality that these impart, lacking adventure and responsibility, life can not be at its best, if worth the living at all. Can I, finally, make this clear? It is, of course, a commonplace, as well as here a repetition, that democracy fosters human initiative, that through it there moves a spirit of creative life. Its institutions primarily are means, not treasures or idols; public utilities, not just sanctuaries. It may often look like absolutism and monarchy, but the institutes of absolutism are become only instruments for democracy. All the machinery of its life is, so far as possible, devised without the abuses of militarism, without absolutism's exploitation of the human person and his feelings and powers, being labor-saving or rather all along the line human-nature-saving machinery. Democracy may often fall far short of its ideals, but rightly we should judge it for its ideals. Alive, then, with humanism, allowing all men "life and liberty and the pursuit of happiness" and bent on materially increasing the material advantages of these three rights or privileges, democracy would give into man's hand the work of the world, bidding him feel the worth and the zeal of it. Under democracy, too, do not kingship and even divinity dwell immediately in the efforts of men? Of all men, of course, not exclusively of any one? So that, doing the work of the world, may not mankind justly feel a certain royalty and divinity?

A new era seems to be at hand. Democracy must soon come into new life. History can afford no parallel of the awakening which is coming. Yet from history we may possibly get some intimation of what to expect. From the time of the Crusades on through the sixteenth century the formal and constraining discipline of the then reigning institution came to be touched wonderfully with humanism. Witness the chivalry, the art, the literature, the wealth of adventure of that time. Christendom saw visions and dreamed dreams and, its medieval asceticism passing, human life claimed the right to natural laughter. But in our time a far more comprehensive discipline or régime than just that of an institution has prevailed. Thus we have come to be ruled by the formal, calculating reason, once called by a certain German philosopher the "pure reason," and our later rule has been to the earlier as the big to the little, as the general to the particular, as a principle to just one of its applications; as exact science, for example, to exact and dogmatic theology, rigorous mathematics to positive law, or a world-embracing rationalism or mechanicalism to a specific institutionalism. Did the medieval institution, although claiming to be God's appointed guardian over the souls of men, itself become soulless? Did it, in such times as those of the Borgias and Machiavelli, become, however "pure" and "holy," quite irresponsible, in outward deeds flagrantly betraying its spiritual purposes? Its successor, the formal reason of science and commerce, democracy's appointed guardian of the rights of men, has proved soulless and irresponsible also. Has not this formal reason, so rigorous and calculating, made possible a brutal industrialism and, most recently, politically a tyrannical efficiency that threatens the world with imperialism, a boastfully "pure" and "holy" imperialism, the imperialism of *Kultur*? Has not this formal reason, as the great genius of efficiency, caused just that divorce of human values and effective activities which already has been remarked here and which has contributed so largely to making the war materially possible and ideally necessary? In the earlier

time the Holy Roman Empire, at once Roman and Teutonic, an enterprise independent of the Church, was the efficiency movement or at least a significant mark of such a movement; extra-ecclesiastical and yet—strange stroke of modernism!—boasting the full sanction of God. The earlier movement, however, failed; it failed just because of man's refusal to consent to such aloofness of the worldly from the worthy life. Can the would-be Holy Rational Empire of our time, with its dependence on pure, reason-organized efficiency, be more successful? In answer I find myself recalling Bryce's remark that the Holy Roman Empire was never holy nor Roman nor empire. In this remark there is interesting history and a most reassuring prophecy. The modern analogue must some day have its Bryce; being by no means holy, only soullessly rational, and impossibly imperial.

So, once more, what new life and new zeal of life are before us! In the wealth of its meaning and interest and achievement the new life must measure up to what it overcomes. Modern ingenuity and efficiency put to the service of a modern humanism, modern reason touched with feeling and imagination, must far surpass anything yet recorded in history, as the mere rational organization of modern life has surpassed anything that the medieval institution, for example, ever even dreamed. What new chivalry, what new art, what new literature, what new life and religion, what new great human adventures of all kinds must be in store! Culture and efficiency, so disastrously grown apart, must be reunited. Democracy so demands and so points the evidence of history. America may well be glad that she is taking her part. At whatever cost, the other nations of the western hemisphere joining the United States, she will support her announced policy of progress vigorously.

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